

proclaimed the elixir of life, even though not wrought by Sapolio.

I stood gazing down at the pavement in hopes that by some process of extraction I might discover whether *acqua calda* meant warm or cold water.

"Is it a Roman wall, Greebish, or is your young devoted down there on his knees?" queried Katish.

"A Roman wall but I'm afraid I can't scale it."

I dashed frantically for the bell-rope and gave it a vigorous pull. The athletic propensities of the Italian small boy had always been more or less of a mystery to me. Here was its solution. What more could a boy wish? Rope enough for a mid-air somersault and, too, what a magnificent opportunity for a youth fond of climbing.

"*Aequa calda*," I shrieked to the maid. When doubtful of my accent I had always been a firm believer of the theory that orders issued in high C were never misunderstood.

As soon as we felt our personal appearance to be distinctly approaching respectability we wandered out in search of the cathedral.

As one looks at the small, low stone cottages, thinks of the uneventful life of the groups of stalwart, unthinking, idle people, more incomprehensible grows the fact of the birth and rearing of a wordy house of God amid such surroundings. The impetus was great, it is true, but I am going to ask your opinion about it.

Seven long centuries ago, a Bohemian monk had courage enough to doubt the doctrines of transubstantiation. One day, however, after the consecration of the host, drops of blood miraculously appeared upon it. He accepted this as a miracle to draw him back to the true faith, and the bishop, in order to fitly commemorate the return of lost faith, commanded the cathedral of Orvieto to be built.

Turning into a side street it stood radiant before us—one grand burst of exaltation. I have never seen its like with its facade of gold and blue, pink and green, one glittering mass of mosaic. High above the coronation of the Virgin, with groups of joyful, jubilant angels.

Katish, after one long look, rushed up the steps and attempted to draw aside one of those ugly, bed-quilted doors—a prediction of Italian churches. Two hideous, blind, maimed old women darted for the door with wonderful rapidity and extremely clear vision for the deformities they had just professed. They fought each other with most of the unhealthy words of which their language is guilty, at the same time taking breath to smile, beg, and then to implore the descent of the evil spirits upon us as we passed unheedingly by them.

Across the nave shot strips of soft, yellow light that sought their way through the rounded, alabaster windows, on, beyond a chapel, where the gentle *Fra Angelico* painted some of his first bishops and saints.

Katish sighed.  
"What beautiful colors! Oh, Greebish, what a dressmaker the *Fra* was! See that old bishop up there with the tiny gleaming eyes. I'm going to have the neck of my next party gown made exactly like that."

Aunt Caroline gave an apologetic cough and smiled.

"Girls," she said, "the dear *Fra* didn't succeed in making every one good, after all. Look at that bishop with the long neck and the pious mouth, but we see that flash of wickedness in his right eye. It crept out in spite of the *Fra*."

"Ah, but what a dressmaker!" exclaimed Katish.

We wandered off, Katish ruminating in the guidebook until the verger came to offer his services. He told us the names of the various marbles and bits of their own peculiar history. Katish tried

these husky Italian names, pursing and twisting her rosy lips to the great delight of our escort, who exclaimed from time to time:

"*Bravissimo, Signorina.*"  
"Katish," I gasped, "the green-eyed monster is getting the best of me. I am turning into a slab of *verde antique*, simply from your cruelty."

"Hush," she whispered, and again beamed on the verger. Just at this moment a swarthy priest beckoned him away on some errand. We continued our explorations, continually finding some new beauty. Suddenly aroused by the suspiciously near rattling of keys and chiming of a surprisingly late hour, we hastened out into the quiet, early evening.

The setting sun was casting its radiant lights upon the face of the cathedral until the whole facade was one glorious rainbow, crowned with a regal crown of gold.

The next morning we said *addio* to our little old ladies and to that miracle of man's handiwork that stands above the broad Chiara valley.

HELEN HARWOOD.

# A CHEAP BICYCLE

Is a good thing to get rid of and a very good thing for our repair shop. However, since selling wheels it has not been our aim to sell this grade of Bicycle. As we guarantee satisfaction or money back, our policy has been to sell our patrons . . . . .



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That we knew would stay built and last, meeting all requirements; size, style, weight and sex. Our options in equipments are positively unlimited and you get what you want without extra expense. . . . .

**H. Wittman & Co.,** Wholesale Saddlery and Harness,  
143-145 South Tenth Street, Lincoln, Nebr.  
Established 1870. Our Sign the Big Horse in the Air. See announcements in the dailies.

[First Publication July 30.] 6  
Land Office at Lincoln, Nebr.,  
July 27, 1898.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register of the United States Land Office at Lincoln, Nebr., on September 5th, 1898, viz: Frank Juricek, for the ne 1-4 of the nw 1-4 and the nw 1-4 of the ne 1-4 of section 17, tp 8, range 5, e. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Felix Baumgart, John Keenan, Frank Kritzi, Frank Husi, all of Berks, Nebr.  
Any person who desires to protest against the allowance of such proof, or who knows of any substantial reason, under the law and the regulations of the Interior Department, why such proof should not be allowed, will be given an opportunity at the above mentioned time and place to cross-examine the witnesses of said claimant, and to offer evidence in rebuttal of that submitted by claimant.  
J. W. JOHNSON,  
Register.

**K. P. EXCURSION TO INDIANA "O" LIS. IND.—\$18 40 FOR ROUND TRIP.**

For the above occasion the Elkhorn line (Northwestern) will sell tickets Aug 19th, 20th and 21st at the low rate of \$18 40 for the round trip. Extreme limit Sept. 20th. Get particulars at city office, 117 So. 10th St. Aug. 20.

[First Publication July 30.] 4  
**LEGAL NOTICE.**

John Q. Denton will take notice that on the 26th day of June, 1898, Alice M. Denton, plaintiff, filed a petition against him in the county court of Lancaster county, Nebraska. The petition alleges that there is due Alice Denton from said John Q. Denton, the sum of \$578.00 for money borrowed from plaintiff by said defendant. An order of attachment was issued in said cause, and credits and money in the hands of Wilber S. Weed were attached and garnished to satisfy said debt.

You are required to answer said petition on or before September 6th, 1898.  
ALICE M. DENTON.  
Dated July 27, 1898.

**NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT G. A. R. \$18.60. CINCINNATI AND RETURN. \$18.60**

The Elkhorn line (Northwestern) will sell tickets to Cincinnati and return for above occasion, Sept. 2, 3, 4, at \$18.60 for round trip. Upon payment to joint agent of deposit fee of 25 cents, return limit may be extended to Oct. 2nd. For further information apply to A. S. FIELDING, C. T. A., 117 So. 10th St. Sept. 30.